

SZ 67
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An Easter Melody.



An Easter Melody

"Break forth into singing; the morning has dawned
And the shadows of night are away."

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I.

SEE the land, her Easter keeping,
Rises as her Master rose:
Seeds so long in darkness sleeping
 Burst at last from winter's snows.
Earth with heaven above rejoices;
Fields and gardens hail the spring;—
Shaughs and woodlands ring with voices,
 While the wild birds build and sing.



II.

ME breathe a golden atmosphere
Of solemn joy, and seem to hear
Within, above, and all around,
The chime of deep cathedral bells,
An early herald peal, that tells
A glorious Easter-tide begun ;
While yet are sparkling in the sun
Large rain-drops of the night-storm passed,
And days of Lent are gone at last.



III.

“**T**HE Lord has risen!” Our life appears
Divine in that diviner light,

Which shines immortal through our tears,
What time we sit in sorrow’s night.

“The Lord has risen—has risen indeed!”

Throughout the earth the tidings run,
In higher thought and holier deed,
Life blossoms to her living Sun.



IV.

REEZES of spring, all earth to life awaking,
Birds swiftly soaring through the sunny sky,
The butterfly its lonely prison breaking,
The seed up-springing which had seemed to die,—
Types such as these a word of hope have spoken,
Have shed a gleam of light around the tomb ;
But weary hearts longed for a surer token,
A clearer ray to dissipate its gloom.



V.

AND this was granted ! See the Lord ascending,
On crimson clouds of evening calmly borne,
With hands outstretched, and looks of love still
bending

On His bereaved ones, who no longer mourn.

“I am the resurrection,” hear Him saying !

“I am the life; he who believes in Me
Shall never die: the souls My call obeying,
Soon where I am, forevermore shall be.”

VI.

WE have no need to stand and weep with Mary,
For He who rose that day shall weep no more;
Yet sometimes now, our eyes grow dim with sorrow,
We can not see the Lord whom we adore,
And gloomy doubts rise up like clouds before us;
“ Is what we counted gain an utter loss?
Is it a dream, a myth, the blessed story
Of Christ our Saviour and His precious cross ? ”



VII.

“**G**IVE us a sign!” cries out the world that
hates Him;

The Master as of old makes no reply;

But, to the heart of every true disciple,

Be sure the blessed Saviour will draw nigh,

And call each one by name, as He did Mary;

And, though the stone seemed rolled before the
door,

The risen Lord Himself shall stand before you,

For Jesus is the same forevermore.

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VIII.

THE night is past, its sleep and its forgetting ;
Our risen Sun, no more forever setting,
Pours everlasting day.

Let us not bring upon this joyful morning
Dead myrrh and spices for our Lord's adorning,
Nor any lifeless thing ;
Our gifts shall be the fragrance and the splendor
Of living flowers, in breathing beauty tender,
The glory of our spring.

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